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# Editorials



## In the Good Old Summer Time

When the wan and weary weeks of waiting have wended their wandering way into the past, the golden glamour of glorious anticipation of a gorgeous summer will no longer be a glimmer in the distance. We then may actually realize our hearts desires. We may sit on the porch and rock; or, if too active for this languid indulgence, we may feed the family with most luscious of our fruits of learning that we have culled from the tree of knowledge.

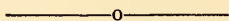
There are many opportunities for service open to the girl home from college. Perhaps she has a younger sister. If this is the case, she can teach the younger sister the latest whims of fickle Dame Fashion. She can show her that it is the correct thing to wear dark hose with light shoes and the light shoes must never be very white for it is not harmonious. The most suitable shoes for sport and general wear are those beautiful black satin ones that have heels about two and one-half inches high. Other details must be sought. For example: the correct length of the skirt and the scientific method of hair dressing, which consists of extremely large puffs to keep dust out of the ears when on a motor ride, when working about the house, or in other dangerous places. The puffs are also desirable for the purpose of keeping the young girl from hearing things she

should not hear. Her party manners must not be neglected. The new dance steps must be taught her and the cute expressions that we learn at college will go far in making her a darling girl. But the most important thing to teach her is the art of being a gossip.

We must not forget our mothers and fathers when we are carrying out our college motto. Perhaps they have not had the opportunities we have had. It may be that mother does not know that the suitable pictures for her bedrooms are the Harrison Fisher pictures and those of the latest and most popular movie actresses. The furniture must not look stiff, but must be placed across corners of the room, and the rugs should create interesting and original acute and obtuse angles on the floor. We may teach father more scientific methods in gardening. Perhaps we can teach him how to make an artistic lawn, by a careful and judicious arrangement of orange hulls and paper.

Really, our opportunities for service are multitudinous. By taking advantage of them we can give our college the "rep" it deserves. We can prove to the honorable members of the General Assembly as well as to the people back home that we are well worth the money that is being spent on us.

J. B. '22, *Cornelian*.



Ignorance never settles but one kind of question and that is an examination question.

Don't we feel important and popular when the treasurer of our society and several lay members are expending their valuable time in trailing us endeavoring to collect our fees?

## Grown-Up Ladies

It's a good thing the Faculty and Seniors leave the dining room for a meal at least twice a year for then those left behind have a chance to act mild and free; and by all the laws of heaven and earth, they do act mild. Just think of being held in restraint all the year by those sorrow-loving and dignified Faculty and Seniors. Lost time must (with emphasis on the must) be made up when they leave.

Water flies at fifty miles an hour cunningly flipped from a spoon of some laughing and playful young miss. Oh, isn't it great fun to put ice down people's necks? All little children do, and its so sweet to have childish ways. To make a joyful noise, everyone talks as loudly as she can till she can hardly hear her own ears. If things seem to quiet down a little, the silence becomes so oppressive that the members of one table decide they'll all shout at one time or else sing a pleasing song. If this hubbub isn't satisfying, a nice loud din is obtained by knocking with the knives on the glasses. Isn't it wonderful to feel free once in our lives and just do as we please? It's grand to be as loud and boisterous as possible. It shows our development. Freedom! Freedom! How nice it would be if one could knock on her glass and throw water from her spoon all through life? Our young lives are truly held in bondage!

M. P. '22, *Dikean*

It's all right to scallop your skirts and roll your hose, girls,—if they make connection.

It's lots less trouble to write a paper than it is to take an exam, isn't it, folks?

## Co-operation

Co-operation—what is it? Hadn't you heard? Everybody is talking about it! Every mass meeting somebody says "Let's co-operate with such-and-such-a-", and we all rise to our feet and swear we will and we do, don't we? Sure! We go to the dining room for lunch—but it's necessary, so we tell 40 folks that there will be a meeting at 7:00 sharp! We go for our mail. The door isn't open—but we've just *got* to see so we walk on the grass. We think it's essential that we keep the hut cleaned up. We go down to make candy—but we're so rushed we don't have time to wash the pans. We go to the little store at 4:55 P. M. There's a crowd. But we must have that bar of Hershey's; so we get back on the campus at 5:15 P. M.

Co-operate? Of course we do! Those mere things we just simply couldn't help! If everybody would be that careful—!

M. S. '22, *Dikean*

Two things get awfully dusty—Bibles and dictionaries—"Red Books" don't.

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## Another Remark on Skirts

Ye skirts!—favorite theme of jokes, of criticisms, and, in general, of all the exponents of this age of jazz! The subject is being worn out (yes of course worn out in public view—but also in public conversation) to an alarming degree. Even if it is true that "Man wants but little here below nor wants that little long" why should all conversation, all addresses be dedicated to the service of this whim? And even if "Brevity is the soul of wit" why can't man also realize that "variety is the spice of life"? Why, oh why cannot man find a new, deeper subject? This one is too light and narrow to bear eternal ravings!

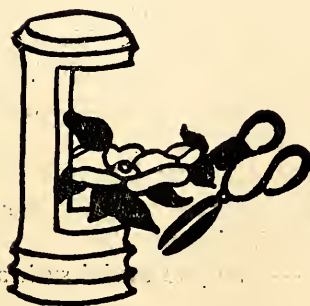
## Revelation

MARY H. BLAIR, '21 *Cornelian*

O misty, morning mountains  
Scarce distinguished from the sky,  
So far and grand and mighty,  
Unapproachable and high!

Oh mountains that the early race  
Of men beheld in fear!  
The sun is slowly rising,  
The dim shadows disappear.

The awe and mystery remain,  
But gone is dread of night;  
The fresh green glory lies revealed  
By the miracle of light.





(Winner of Short Story Contest)

S. B. THOMPSON, '24, *Adelphian*

It was one of those rooms where blue-coated childhood idols are wont to drop their roles of minions of the law and become mere, shirt-sleeved men. No interior decorator would have claimed this room as an example of his skill. The walls were discolored, smoked and grimy. The furniture consisted of a dilapidated table and several antique chairs. By antique I do not mean to imply that these articles were artistically old; they were just dusty old fossils, with a hard and useful life behind them. The air was transformed into a yellowish haze by the smoke issuing from the pipe of one of the occupants of the room.

By straining one's eyes one might discern thru' this man-made fog the two forms which fitted so chameleon-like into this background. A chair was inclined precariously against the wall, two feet swung in a vain attempt to touch the floor, a newspaper of a water-melon pinkness hid the reader's face; and such is Jim Bloodhound. Nearer the door, with his chair resting conservatively on four legs, his feet elevated to the edge of the pathetic old table sat Pat Wolf. The only sign of life was Pat's hand as he lazily and spasmodically conveyed his time-worn pipe to and from his lips.

Crash! Bang! The table all but met its untimely fate! Pat's feet swung around and came firmly down upon the floor.

Pat gave no sign of having heard.

"Say what in the ---- are you raisin' such a daggone racket about?"

Pat looked up reproachfully "Sure, and 'tis yer own mither's



spirit that'll be a-hearing of ye when ye schwear loik thot. Ain't ye ashamed?"

The pink sheet returned to its former position, and silence reigned for two minutes.

"Say, ain't ye a-going to pay me no heed?"

No answer.

"Me lad, put that feverish paper down, and a-listen to yer elders fer a spell."

Jim looked up and started to speak in defense of his much-loved Policeman's Gazette."

"No, me bye, don't be a-telling me, fer I know the koind o'trash it is—but I'd loik to tell you something foin!"

"Alright—shoot!"

"Well—there's robbers in this town."

"Ah—quit your kiddin'—who is there for 'em to rob?"

"Now if you're a-going to listen to me, then you listen—don't be interrupting of me—d'ye hear?"

"Can the black-face—what's the joke?"

"Well—as Oi was a-saying—we've a band of villains in our midst. Judge Wilcox says too many autermobeels are a-disappearin'—and we must search for suspicious characters."

"Humph—they don't even have real crooks in this burg. Gosh Pat—you oughter see a real, live-wire town like the one I come from! 'Taint a doggone crook a-living that could get away with a two-bit piece in that joint!"

"Sure, I've no doubt but ye're a truthful bye—but as oi was a-saying when you interrupted me—Jedge Wilcox has offered a prize of a hundred dollars to the first man on the force who can ketch these dirty thieves!"

"Now—that job is just my size. In my town anybody'll tell you if you want a crook caught, and the job done good and proper—why just ask Jim Bloodhound and it's sure to be did."

"Jedge told me first and I'm going to let you have my chanct. Then you can marry Mary Ellen after you've got the reward."

"Gosh—I can catch any crook that ever breathed in a week.

You jest wach me make some dust fly around these here diggin's."

"Go to it son," Pat advised, "but these is shore slick critters."

"Now just to show you that I ain't going to hog the party I'll let you in on this deal," continued the other, "I'm going to give you a chanct to help me. I could do it myself, yuh know—but, I plays fair. We'll cut and the highest card gets a week's trial, then the next week the other has a chanct to ketch 'em."

The Bloodhound produced a deck of moss-covered cards. Wolf cut and drew a queen, the Bloodhound drew an ace.

"Well I reckon I gets firse try, ace is always high, yuh know. Why up where I come from---."

"Yep, I reckon it is yer week, Jim, take it slow, tho, I'd loike a chanct meself at that money."

The pipe went back to its normal resting place. Pat's feet once more sent a quiver over the old table as it received its burden and Pat dozed.

But the seed of ambition had struck fertile soil. Jim Bloodhound thrust his paper aside for the last time, arose, polished his badge to a point of shining perfection, donned his coat, and sauntered forth.

The street outside gave no sign of any marauders who might be planning to force law-abiding citizens to dispense with the services of their cars for the time being. It was just the same street and the same people and even the same parked cars that Jim had been seeing for many days.

No, the street was not the same. A flaring billboard caught Jim's eye and he read that one of New York's biggest musical comedy hits was to appear in Greenpoint the folowing week. Jim realized in a flash something else beside the fact that the "Opery House" season was opening. He was thinking that every car in town would be parked on city streets that night, and something told him that the crooks knew that as well as he did.

\* \* \* \* \*

Judge Wilcox was known thruout his state because of the blind trust that every man under him placed in him. And that trust was never betrayed. His family often told him that other men's troubles would be the ones that made him gray before his time, and on this morning, as he entered his office he was almost tempted to believe them. He absented-mindedly pressed the button which summoned his secretary.

"Ask Wolf to come here please," he directed as the young man appeared.

Almost immediately the jovial Irishman opened the door and entered the room.

"Sit down, Wolf, I believe you have a report for me—"

"Yes sir, 'tis about Jim that yer honor is a-speaking?"

"Yes, Wolf I'm afraid that your'e too hopeful for that young upstart. He seems to be quite an authority in his own estimation."

"Oh, he's young Jedge—yer honor—he'll get over all that, Oi'd loike to tell ye that he's fallen hard fer th' automobile-thief yarn, an 'tis my mind for sure that he'll be sore disappointed if he don't ketch 'em."

"Well perhaps you are right, Wolf, and you think his bubble of conceit will burst if he does not gain this reward?"

"That's me idea, yer honor, oi was the same me sel' when oi was a bye. When he foinds out that these robbers are too much for him, then he believes his elders when they counsel him."

"Perhaps, at any rate before I ask him to resign I'll try your plan. Wolf, I'll give him two weeks to chase these imaginary crooks. If in that time he asks no advice and continues to brag—then off the force he goes!"

"Oi'm satisfied, yer honor."

"And, Wolf, may I ask why you are taking such an interest in this chap, is he an unusual character?"

"Wall yer honor, he's not unusual, no, I reckon he's right

natooral. But he's in love with Mary Ellen O'Brien, an' faith she'll not be marrying him afore he's a sergeant an' I don't want the poor bye's heart -brocken whin he's so young. So the best thing for him would be to get a punch to mash his swelled-head! Thin he'd be a foine bye and a credit to the' force."

"That sounds true, we'll try him. Good-day Wolfe, I hope for all concerned that your plan will be successful."

\* \* \* \* \*

One must admit that real present day crooks are "slick critters". Then we musn't expect Jim to succeed in apprehending imaginary ones. But he did not know that he was striving for the pot of gold at the end of a dream-rainbow and he kept doggedly at his task.

"No. I've not made an arrest yet," he reported to Pat, "but it's only a matter o' hours before me evidence is sufficient to claim the reward. Why, this job is a cinch! Now where I come from—"

But Pat had vanished and the Bloodhound did not care to talk to empty space. He sought the solace of a "dope".

Jim had centered all his petty suspicions and was receiving the night of the play for his master stroke. The side streets were lined with cars, and he sought vainly for some method of amusing himself until a person of "crooked" appearance should come upon the scene. He entered the only telephone booth that the town afforded, resolved to while away the time with Mary Ellen.

"Hello central! Gimme a little service! I want 67, 2 rings. Show me some speed."

"Is this 67, 2 —?"

"No, this is 611, 2 rings, you evidently have made some mistake, kindly hang up your receiver and caution the operator to be careful. We are having a meeting of the "Over-soul Club" and we have no desire to be annoyed by outside influ-

ences, particularly telephone calls. Thank you." The nasal, high-pitched voice ceased and Jim mopped his brow.

"Say operator, I want 67, 2, not 611—I want it quick too. Say, see how fast you can get my connection!"

"Hellow, howdy Mary Ellen, how are you, dearest?"

"Ah ain't yo' deahest, an' mah name is Magnolia. Who does you all want to talk to?"

"\*\*!! Is this 67, 2?"

"Yas suh!"

"I want to speak to Miss Mary Ellen O'Brien!"

"Miss Mary Ellen ain't to home. She's done gone riding with that tall, good-looking fella what's always a-setting around heah. Who's dis and how, dat you Mistah Bloodhound?"

"Yes Magnolia—how often does Miss Mary Ellen go out with this man?"

"Law, Mistah Bloodhound, I shore feels sorry fo' yuh, 'cause I think Miss Mary Ellen is powerful sweet on this here fella. He brung her a ring tonight!"

"Don't feel sorry for me! Why there's two girls at home in love with me! Please tell Miss O'Brien that I called to tell her that I'm engaged to marry the best looking girl in the town I'm from!"

"Why—Mistah Blood----!"

Jim slammed down the receiver and sought the cool night air. Inwardly he was boiling. He'd show that Mary Ellen that she wasn't the only pebble on his beach. He'd show that snippy little baggage that she was letting her golden opportunity slip when she threw him over for that other man. Why he'd catch the crooks, win the reward! In flaming letters he saw his name across the columns the "Daily Record". He saw the populace hailing him as the hero who had rescued them from great peril. And he saw Mary Ellen coming toward him trying to make up with him. And generously he saw himself forgiving her and then turning and introducing Mary Ellen and the admiring throng to some beautiful, graceful girl as

"Mrs. Bloodhound". Jim strode angrily on but his pace gradually slackened. The old, satisfied expression returned to his face. He'd just show the world what a man he was!

He reached the theater. As he strode up and down before this building a tiny, white object caught his eye. He stooped and picked up a small ivory cube, very familiarly marked. Jim looked around and spied a small chocolate covered gentleman seated in a doorway.

"This yours?" he asked.

"Law yes—whar'd yuh all fln' it? I'se been looking for it nigh onto ten minutes."

"Say, you want to shoot some?"

"Sure, got any money? I'm game."

Jim emptied one pocket and the "gallopin' dominoes" began to show their speed. A quick succession of "box-cars", "pig eyes", and ill-timed "sevens" and his first investment vanished. Jim emptied another pocket and Dame Fortune seemed to smile on his efforts, and the eyes of his companion grew bigger, and his mouth grew wider and wider with astonishment.

Minutes passed and when Jim felt that he had enough, over an hour had gone by. The Bloodhound hastened from the shadow of the doorway. Several empty places were beside the curb. It was evident that some of the audience was seeking amusement elsewhere.

The fragrant of a conversation floated toward him from a big and shiningly new car not far off. There was a muttering and perhaps an oath.

"Humph," thought Jim, "must be having engine trouble...I'll help 'em start it. I always knew a lot about machinery."

As Jim drew nearer two occupants of the car could be seen bending over the dash board.

"Need any help?" Jim asked.

"Well I—I—I can't seem to get the old boat started," volunteered the man nearest the wheel.

"Humph, battery gone bad?"



"I reckon so—I—."

"Well hand me the crank, I'll see what I can do for you. Shove your spark up more, don't push the throttle open—engine's choked already I reckon."

Jim took the crank and hastened to the front of the machine. As he bent over to insert the tool the reflection of the street light on the license plate fell on his eyes. He looked down.

"1313—gosh! no wonder, who'd ever expect to have any luck with a car and that license!" Jim thought.

A welcoming roar met him as he turned the crank for the first time.

"Thanks, old man, much obliged," said the driver as he took the proffered crank and the big, blue car slid out of sight.

It was evident by now that the comedy was over, for the other cars were thronging the street in their efforts to get away. Slowly the crowd was dispersing, and finally every car was gone and but a handful of people remained.

"Well no crooks tonight," thought Jim, "reckon old Wolf'll have to have his fling now."

Just then Judge Wilcox approached Jim.

"What luck, Bloodhound?"

"No suspicious characters 'round here, your honor."

"Well, come over here and I'll take you home in my car. Some machine, Bloodhound, I'd like you to look it over."

"Yes, up where I come from, they all say Jim Bloodhound is a good judge of cars."

Judge Wilcox walked over to the curb.

"Well I'll be —\*—."

"Why, sir—!"

"Where in the devil can it be? I parked it here."

"Was it locked?"

"No, the key wouldn't fit it, so I just took the starter plug out."

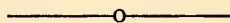
"What kind of a car was it?"

"A big, blue one with a—."



Jim's jaws dropped.  
"The license was—?" he gasped.  
"1313", was the reply.

FINIS



## "The Aspen Leaf"

KATHERINE WILLIS, '20 *Adelphian*

A blue, blue sky  
Small fluffs of white cloud,  
Floating, floating—lazily floating,  
An aspen tree—  
Silver bark,  
Shimmering leaves  
Fluttering, quivering silken bits of green,  
Dancing, dancing, ever dancing, round and round,  
In aimless motion  
Seeking happiness—  
Only happiness  
In every passing breeze.  
And our hearts are now as the aspen leaves.

A sudden lull in the breeze,  
A minor little swish,  
A sigh of the aspen leaves—  
Only a slow graceful flutter  
And down, down a tired leaf falls,  
Glad to leave its giddy comrades still twirling merrily on,  
Longing to cling closely to the warm brown earth,  
Ready to welcome the pure snow that will blanket it snugly  
And our hearts will be as the aspen leaf.

## "The Advantages of Consolidation of the Schools in North Carolina"

Winner of prize offered by Rural Department  
of North Carolina

EVA LEE SINK, '22, *Dikean*

When we consider that seventy-nine and six tenths per cent of the population of North Carolina is rural, that more than three fourths of our future citizens are coming from the rural communities, we must open our eyes to the need of training our country girls and boys for the highest type of citizenship. Our rural education is not what it ought to be nor what it could be. A comparison of the development of our city school children with that of the rural school children shows that this education is not what it ought to be. An investigation of what other states have done in rural education makes clear that it is not what it could be. Shall North Carolina always stand on the lower rounds of the education ladder? It will never rise higher until it has educated its rural people. If we expect our citizens to cope with citizens of any other states we must act concertedly for the betterment of our rural educational system; this betterment can come about only through consolidation of the country school.

By consolidation is meant a centralized graded school in a wholly combined district of five or six small districts. The consolidated school should provide transportation of pupils and equipment adequate to the needs of the school. There should be eight years of elementary work, and two to four years of High School work for seven to nine months during the year.

Consolidation makes possible better elementary schools. Better supervision is obtained through the employment of better prepared teachers, less work for the supervisor, and larger association among teachers.

The pupil gets more of the teacher's time in longer recitation periods. No teacher can thoroughly prepare and teach twenty-six different lessons daily. Yet, that is what the teacher in the North Carolina elementary school attempts. The short recitations give the child eighty-three and three tenths per cent of his time for unsupervised seat work. Thus the country child idles away his time drawing pictures and painting them in hideous colors or droning over his lesson without thinking of what he is doing. Since the teacher in the consolidated school would not have more than eleven lessons a day, she would have longer recitation periods and more time for individual help.

Another factor which aids in making the elementary school better is the assurance of a more regular and larger attendance. A pupil who attends school irregularly may keep the whole class back in their work. A regular attendance, however, can not be expected when children must endanger their health by walking two or three miles through the snow and rain and arriving at school wet and cold. As the consolidated school furnishes a conveyance to and from the child's door there will be no excuse for a pupil's non attendance. The pupil will want to attend regularly because school work will be made attractive to him through better equipment which will enable the teaching of subjects, agriculture and domestic science, suited to the pupil's needs.

There will be a larger attendance in the consolidated school because a larger number of children will be included in the school district. The larger number of children will stimulate class work and permit more interesting class discussion by exchange of opinion and competition among pupils.

Consolidation is the only plan by which an adequate high

school can be furnished to the country girls and boys. The complex life of today demands more than the eight years of elementary school, which is all the average farm boy and girl gets and more than some receive. The new methods of farming with machinery require more use of the mind than the old methods of farming. The only means of securing a high school education, thus far, has been to attend a boarding or city school. Only a few are able to pay the expenses at a boarding school. The majority of those who attend high school at all go to the city school. Since the surroundings in the city are so different from those of the country, the boys and girls encounter many difficulties. After they have finished their high school education they have what draws them away from or is useless in their life on the farm. Why should country boys and girls have such difficulties in getting what is justly due them? Our country boys and girls are just as bright, earnest, and energetic as any in the city. It is the unquestionable right of every farm boy and girl to have an opportunity of a good high school course, that gives instruction in terms of country life, one which all country students will have the opportunity of attending and being at home with their parents at the most critical period of their lives. Such a high school as this is provided by consolidation.

One of the greatest needs of the rural community is better social advantages both for the young and the old. Children become more developed socially in the consolidated school. Since there are more children of the same age and larger and better equipped play grounds, organized team work can be carried on. Take, for instance, the John Swaney Consolidated School in Illinois. Athletics are enthusiastically supported. Play properly directed fosters a spirit of fairness, courage and hardihood. If children learn to co-operate in play, later in life they will know how to work together for the community.

Since pupils in the consolidated school are together for a longer time they form more lasting friendships. In place of

being in school eight years they are in school twelve. They do not drop out, because they are interested in school when it is suited to their needs. Furthermore, the children will associate under proper supervision on their way to and from school. How often troubles arise in school on account of something the children do on their way to and from school! This trouble could be eliminated by making the driver, by law and by public sentiment, responsible for what takes place in the school wagon. Just as our mail carriers are responsible for the safety of our mail, our school wagon drivers would be responsible for our children.

The community as a whole needs better social advantages. Think of the sameness of the routine of a farmer's wife followed day by day for year after year. We find that a larger number of country girls than city girls go astray. The cause lies in the lack of social activities for country women. Isolation is the cause of some of the moodiness and conservatism characteristic to farmers. How many mothers watch their sons drive away to the city on Saturday night! Young people must have something for amusement. If wholesome recreation is not provided then they will take the unwholesome.

The first step to be made in providing the social needs of a rural community is to establish a community center. The consolidated school can best be made a community center because it is of equal interest to all in the community. It stands next to the home and can better supply to the pupil what the home does not. Next, the school can well become a social center because of its commodious building and material equipment. Many times the purpose of a social gathering has been defeated by an uncomfortable chair, small room, poor lights or heating system. A comfortably built room for any kind of entertainment is furnished by the consolidated school. The laboratories, school plot, and science rooms furnish excellent places for demonstrations in farming, cooking, clubs, and meetings of farm organizations. The play grounds may be an instrument

for working up a community spirit. When people get together to root for their ball team their pride and interest in their community is awakened. They will be willing to put aside all selfishness for the interest in the community.

The consolidated school would furnish a larger library with less duplication of books. Six times as many different books could be offered as in the present school library. In this way a wider selection of books would be offered to the people. Although the farmer is isolated, he does very little reading because he has too few and uninteresting books. The larger number and variety of books would encourage more reading among farmers.

Consolidation makes it easier to build up a community center because a larger number of people would be included in the school district. There would be larger social gatherings and as a result greater interest in social functions. Contact with people coming from five or six miles away would tend to broaden the lives of the farmer by bringing him new ideas and widening his range of association. A large group of people all united under a common interest of the school would become closer friends. Farm organizations, such as the Grange, Union, Clubs, Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A's. and co-operations in farm work could be carried on more effectively with a larger group of people.

Consolidation may be the same means of bringing about good roads. Consolidation does not necessarily follow good roads but in many cases good roads have followed consolidation. When people realize the need of a thing they begin to work to get it. Through the transportation of children farmers will learn that good roads will save time and money. On account of good roads, farmers will find it easier to attend social gatherings. In many sections of our state no social gatherings are attempted during several months in the winter because people do not care to make the effort to come over muddy roads behind a team of horses. Better roads would make pos-



sible the use of the automobile. Thus, consolidation of the country school may make convincing the convenience of good roads.

The biggest problem that is now facing our people is that of maintaining higher standards of people on our farms. The country community can never reach any degree of perfection when it is continually drained of its strongest and best citizens. The majority of the city migration of the country people is for the purpose of obtaining educational and social advantages. In order to check this cityward movement rural education and social life must be redirected. We must establish better elementary schools and good available high school; break up isolation by building up a social center which is preferably and most conveniently the consolidated school. By satisfying the needs of country life, consolidation of rural schools becomes the instrument for maintaining a standard type of people on our farms and for the up-building of rural people who compose the greater part of North Carolina. Then, for the sake of those who are to be our future citizens, we should rouse ourselves to action in giving a free and equal opportunity to the rural people. This opportunity can be given through the consolidation of the country school.



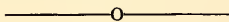


## "A Prayer"

MABEL STAMPER, '22, *Dikean*

I thank Thee, God, that I have lived,  
And that I've known Thy wondrous love,  
That I have friends sincere and true,  
That live for Thee, oh God above!  
And I am glad that I have known  
The spite of foes, the clutch of fate,  
That I have wandered from the way  
And tasted death, and drank of hate.

For through it all, the good, the bad,  
I've learned to set a standard high  
That reaches far above my head  
To Thee, up there, who hears my cry,  
And lifts me from a life of self  
To think of others—my face set  
To follow Thee up Calv'ry's height—  
"Be with me, Christ!—lest I forget.



## "Your College or Mine"

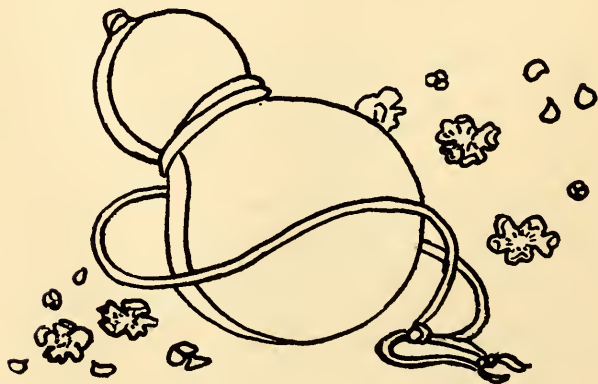
MARY H. BLAIR, '21, *Cornelian*

Enwrappt in the pride of Tradition,  
Away from the market and mill,  
Serene in the strength of its mission,  
And sure of the Almighty Will,  
A time-honored college is standing  
In a village so dreamy and quaint

That its elm-shaded streets and its rose-bowered homes  
It would seem only fancy could paint.

Astir with the vigor of growing,  
Aglow with the vision of youth,  
In the hustle and toil of a busy town,  
Eagerly seeking for truth,  
There rises a younger college,  
With face to the future turned,  
Whose passionate fire is not tempered as yet  
By the patience that Age has learned.

And which will guide more truly  
To the infinite goal of life,  
The quiet assurance and charm of the Past  
Or the ardour of Youth for the strife?  
For the one may lull you to slumber,  
And the other prove recklessly bold;  
So let us with wisdom and courage combine  
The best of the new and the old.



## "Luck"

JOYCE RUDISILL, '22, *Dikean*

Little Doris started to leave, but Aunt Missouri again looked at the basket of food she had brought,

"Honey, you tell yo' mammy I'se very thankful fo' de basket. But—I'se no odder cause to praise de Laud, 'cause I'se gwine hab bad luck. Dis mawning as I'se picking up chips, a rabbit done run acrost ma path, and don I know what dat means? Ain't I done broke a lookin' glass the day Massa' John died and ain't a rabbit run acrost my path dat ebenin'? Yes'um, I says—"

But Doris, with another glance at the old negress, sitting in her chair, shivering with cold, left, to play with her dolls, from which pastime her mother had summoned her to run this errand of charity.

While the food waited, Aunt Missouri could not think of luck; for she had not had a bite to eat since the day before. Her little house, which her now deceased master had given her, was heavily mortgaged; and her income was practically nothing. The little work that her feeble old hands could do for her neighbors and their charity gifts were all that she had. She was an old slave negress, one of the faithful few who stayed, and now surviving the rest, she lived in poverty, verging on starvation. The cold wind shrieked around the house and finding its way through a rattling rag-stuffed pane, swept across clean scrubbed floor and blew puffs of smoke from the smouldering fire. Auntie shivered as the fire died out and murmured "I'se sho doomed to bad luck!" What more could fate have in store for her?

A knock was heard at the door. Aunt Missouri shivered, and cringed with fear as the door opened and two men walked in.

"Well, Mammy, how cold it is here!"

"Yessur, Yessur."

"You must not stay here. We've been talking about it, and we want to take you to the county home."

Auntie shivered, "What's dat?"

"Why there you'll be with lots of other people, and someone will look after you and give you good food and clothing."

"Ain't dat de po' house?"

The man nodded.

Aunt Missouri clasped her hands and sat firm in her chair. "I ain't goin' to no po' house. None ob Massa John's family ain't nebber gone to de po' house. I ain't goin'."

The two men talked together a moment. "Well mammy," one of them said. "you get you things together, and we'll come back tomorrow,"

"I ain't goin'! I ain't goin'." Auntie fiercely repeated to their departing forms.

But during the night it began to rain and the north wind whistled madly around and inside the little cabin until it seemed to be a mere plaything in the hands of the storm. Between shivering and chattering teeth, Aunt Missouri was very meditative. "Oh course bad luck's gwine come any way an den he said it'd be warm an dry." She drew her shawl closer about her. "Maybe I better go." And in the end she wrapped her few belongings in an old dress skirt and waited for her time to come.

It was still raining the next day. The men came, driving a lank bony white horse to a muddy, creaking buggy. They walked to the cabin, carrying umbrellas to protect them from the driving blast. Aunt Missouri, looking at their figures, blurred by the rain and her own dizziness, was frightened to see them; and yet still more frightened to think of staying any longer in the cabin. One of the men came in, thoughtlessly carrying his raised umbrella inside. Auntie, seeing this, sank into a chair and threw up her hands in horror.

"Shet dat umbrel'! Look what you'se done! Bringin' me bad luck! I ain't gwine wif you." She mourned and wrung her hands in terror.

The men were astounded, and then comprehending, tried to soothe her; but to no avail. She would not go with them, and they decided to go without her and return the next day.

Aunt Missouri was determined that they should have no chance to take her the next day.

"No surree, dis nigger ain't gonna chase bad luck. Don' I know what a raised umbrel' means? I'se gwine scoot out'in dat, an' I'se gwine do sump'in desp'rate." She sat and looked thoughtfully out of the window. The rain was falling in sheets, but as it struck the trees it froze and the growing icicles bowed the trees nearer and nearer to the ground. A miserable day! Suddenly Auntie's face lit up with a look akin to triumph. "I'se gwine catch my deaf ob cold. Dats' it."

She pulled her old shawl closer around her shoulders, looked at the greying coals of the nearly dead fire, and then walked to the door. Her face took on a dogged, hunted expression, and she stepped out into the storm. The wind whipped her ragged skirt about her ankles, the rain stung her face and hands, and the cold cut to the very bone; but she kept on. She walked for perhaps an hour. The water churned inside her shoes with every step. She could scarcely lift her feet from the clinging mud and her wet skirts hobbled her. Friendly lights twinkled to her along the road but, no—these people would send her back home. She thought of turning back but then gritted her teeth and muttered, "No, dats bad luck, an I ain't gwine to no po' house."

Finally she came to a secluded looking lane. She turned in and struggled on with halting, limping steps. Then she saw the outlines of an unfamiliar house. The door stood open and she could hear voices within. The rain, the cold wind, her freezing, stiff clothes, exhaustion, everything but

her will pulled her to the house. She struggled with herself, but she soon found herself standing in the open doorway.

A man stood by a stove trying to turn a burned cake in a frying pan. He was red with heat, and despair was written on his face. He looked up and saw Aunt Missouri, swaying with exhaustion. He dropped the pan and caught her arm just in time to keep her from falling. Then he pushed her in a chair near the stove.

As soon as Auntie could talk she told her story, ending with "Lawd Massa, don't send me to de po' house."

The man looked at her and then said. "Can you cook?"

"Yessur Massa. Ain't I done cooked fer Massa John all his life?"

"Well if you can fry an egg, I want you, for my wife is sick and I am ready to give up."

Auntie raised her hand with joy. "Well de Lawd be praised. An don' I know de signs ob good luck?"

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### "To You"

MAY BELLE PENN, '23, *Dikean*

I have been grieved of heart,  
Have felt of grief my part;  
Have known the keenness of regret,  
Still sombre shadows met.  
In loneliness have seen decay  
Of my pals idols—crumbling clay.  
In hollow searchings bare of gain  
Have felt despair's unyielding reign.

But, I've found the wondrous beauty of thy love  
It's sweet nobility that looks above  
The pettiness, the little hurt,  
Its majesty, for majesty alert.  
That warm, pure gleam will ever lend  
High courage, love, my friend, my friend!

## "The Spirit of the Ardutus"

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22, *Dikean*

Afoot and lighthearted, healthy and free, the world before him, the long, cool brown road before him leading him wherever he wished, the young philosopher passed out from the intense throb of the crowded city, from the endless faces and streets, from the magnificent dwelling places of man, out into the glow of the splendid, silent sunshine of spring, among the quiet places by the wood, by the cool field of clover and timothy, the delicate pink of the fruit trees blending perfectly with the green waves of wheat—out to the nooks of nature, best expressing her primal sanities—out for a whole day—where he was to enjoy the spontaneous beauties of nature. His was a beautiful world—a world of peace and friendship with all mankind—a world of joy that came to him alone, far from the maddening crowd, as he breathed the fresh air of the mountains, or bathed at dawn in the limid clear stream.

The voices of all out doors called to him, for foremost in his philosophy was the theory that the secret of the making of the best of men was to grow in the open air, to swim, row, hunt walk, read, eat and sleep in the open air; to come in touch with those people whose wonderful vigor, calmness, beauty of person, richness and breadth of manners, were conceived in the open air. Unfortunately in the fastly modernized world he found few companions for his daily ramblings. Dances, banquets—all the round of society called for time and followers, and of late he was rarely a frequenter. Rather, he spent his few idle moments, from his work at the University, in solitary over fields and hillsides, leaping fences and brooklets, absorbing the almost overpowering freedom and wildness of the commonest weed, the moist freshness of the wood, the exquisite smell of the earth, listening to and replying to the call of the



birds, watching for the flowers he loved to bloom, revelling in peace and enjoyment. And on this lovely spring day he had a holiday, a long, free day to spend as he pleased it to be spent.

In the calmness of the dawn he had started out for a day-long ramble thru the open fields and the wood. Back in the stuffy lecture room he left his books—and all that knowledge that is gained from books that cannot be tested in the vernal wood. There was nothing about him that detected a professor. The strong, sweet supple quality he possessed, his perfect physique showed the results of a free, original life of simple diet, a clean, pure body, and a mind at peace with all. Briskly the young man walked, his clear grey eyes gathering in the full view of the morning-gladdened earth. Sometimes as he passed a quiet stream, he paused on the fern-grown banks thoughtfully, gazing with the pure delight of a boy at the tiny red fish that played around the pebbles, or at the black "sweet-bugs" that darted hither and thither thru the water. Once as he passed an old weather beaten farm house, he stopped to talk with an old, decrepid negro man who was leaning wearily on his hoe-handle in a weed-grown garden. Then he turned again to the road, walking buoyantly along until he came to a shady, cool looking path, strewn with pine needles, arched with great sprays of dogwood blossoms. The path led into a dark sequestered wood. Involuntarily his foot-steps turned to the tiny path and following it he came to an open place in a dark balsam wood. A great tree stood in the center of the opening, a tree covered with long strands of honeysuckle that lent a peculiar picturesqueness to the old wood. The man felt tired, and thus enticed by the ancient calm of the place, he stretched out in the cool shade of the tree. For a few moments he lay leaning against the great tree, looking lazily up at the marvelous network of boughs, and then he fell asleep. Long he lay there sleeping in the wood. Then gradually he became aware of the sounds of the forest, deep and sonorous at first, then far away and sweet. The bees humming in the white ash nearby entered

into his consciousness. A mocking bird trilled a few clear, sweet notes above his head and then flew away thru the balmy air. Then he thought he heard a voice—a very low, sweet voice, it was—far away and very soothing. He listened curiously. Surely he was dreaming—or perhaps he heard the voice of a flitting, fairy wood nymph that had watched over him while he slept. He raised himself on his elbow. Cautiously he listened to hear the voice, not a far-away fairy any longer, but a soft human voice, issuing from the opposite side of the great tree. He was spell bound. The voice continued:

“The sweet arbutus wakes at last  
From out her winter bed.”

As the voice on the opposite side of the tree went on reciting that lithesome song of spring he could not refrain from joining in:

“Then come with me, thou weary heart  
Forget thy brooding ills  
For God has come to walk among  
His valleys and his hills.”

There was a breathless pause in the voice behind the tree, then a quick, shy rustle in the leaves and the Wright, the Philosopher, looked up to see, not truly a wood nymph, but a human fairy, dainty, sweet and fair, at present very anxious to know whom her companion was, and how she had failed to see him sleeping there when she had come to this, her favorite nook. As Wright looked in her face, he saw something in the beautiful frank smile and bright eye that brought a feeling of gratitude to him as he thought of the countless dissatisfied faces he had seen in the city—the faces and the city he had left. But to see this apparition here in the solitude of the wood—it was almost impossible! He wondered why she was not at home taking a beauty nap, preparatory to the usual round of dances. And yet, as he looked closer, he found an answer to his questions. She was so wildly beautiful in her simple dress,

with her long brown hair falling in soft waves over her shoulders, and her clear face, bespeaking a life of real things—of freedom in the open air, of natural phases of life in the great outdoors, that Wright forgot the theories and religions he doted on, forgot his formalities, and in a very short while they were talking quietly together. To each other they poured out their aims and hopes, their ideals and failures. He told her of his work which meant so much to him. She told him how she had hoped to escape formality and artificiality, and thus to get closer to the true heart of humanity, to come in touch with the common folks, to learn their manners, their customs, their beliefs, to instill in them higher appreciations for the beauties that surrounded them, to enlighten their daily lives. Thus she had left her city home where she had been guarded by the jealous case of two aunts, and had come to do social service work in the quiet, simple little village of peace. She had been happy there, very happy, and yet at times she found something lacking either in herself, or in her surroundings. At such times she wandered to this spot where she lost herself in the quiet beauty of the place. Thus today, when the little boy she had taken in from a storm several days before, wet and sick, to whom she had administered the tenderest care possible had, in spite of her unwavering care, died, she had come to the woods, to read, and to forget. As she and her companion talked in the solitude of the forest, Wright happened to glance down at his feet, and there, almost hidden beneath the dead leaves and the moss, peeped the fresh, delicate, pink bells of the first arbutus of Spring. He rose to pluck it and as he returned, bearing it, to the girl's side, he bent softly over her, and as he placed the single spray of the sweet arbutus in her soft, soft hair, he murmured tenderly:

“My Arbutus Girl.”

A few hours later, Marguerite stood in her cozy little bedroom, stood and looked longingly, yet wistfully happy out of the window. As she gazed far out across the broad fields and

orchards, now bathed in the grey haze of twilight, her mind's eye rested continually on the deep recess of the balsam wood. Instinctively her hand moved to her head, and as she untwined the exquisite, dainty arbutus from her hair, she opened the book lying at the window. Pressing the arbutus to her heart for one brief moment, she then placed it in the book. Her eyes fell on a poem on the open page:

“This day, O soul, I give you a wondrous mirror,  
Long in the dark, in tarnish and cloud it lay,  
But the cloud has passed and the tarnish gone;  
Behold, O soul! it is now a clean and bright mirror  
Faithfully showing you all the things of the world.”

“Him, Arbutus, a perfect day” said the girl softly, as she closed the book over the spray of arbutus, and went downstairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

Spring had come again, had come to the hearts of all the world, had come to the living, upspringing things that were hid from the eyes of the world, deep in the dark balsam woods. The birds sang merrily among the trees, bees buzzed madly here and there in the rays of the afternoon sun. The fresh green leaves cast their dainty shadows on the ground where half hidden by the fallen leaves peeped out a few sprigs of tender sweet trailing arbutus. And with the arbutus in the wood had come the bright eyed Margurite and her lover, Wright. After a whole long year amid the weary hum-drum life of the city, he had come back to meet her in the balsam woods, and together they bent to pick the delicately pink tinted blossoms. All the wood seemed animated after its long, cold winter solitude. The voices of the birds echoed sweetly thru the air, in unison with the gentle zephyrs. As the breezes played softly in the balsams over their heads, and carried to them, kneeling there in the wood, the rich penetrating perfume of the arbutus at their feet, some inexplorable sweet spirit came to them,

a spirit of everlasting love and faith and life and hope—the spirit of the arbutus.

\* \* \* \* \*

A year had passed, a year of almost unearthly joy for Marguerite and Wright—a year in which in their little vine-covered cottage, set far back from the road in a great grove of trees, they had lived for each other, lived in an ideal world of books and art and nature. They had walked with each other, read with each other, lived for each other. Everything had been brim full of happiness for them, but now, just a year from the day when, bending over the arbutus they had pledged their life long love for each other, Wright emerged slowly, sadly from the dark woods alone. As he came out of the misty darkness of the trees into the open fields he turned his footsteps involuntarily towards the summit of the hill where, bathed in the dusky haze of twilight lay two graves, side by side, one long, and the other very, very small, each freshly covered and buried in flowers. The soft drizzling rain beat down on the flowers, pressing them closer to the earth. As Wright reached the graves he paused, then mindless of the rain, he knelt noiselessly between the flower-covered mounds. With hands tensely knit before him he bowed his head. The haze of the twilight deepened and darkened until the nearby hills were lost from view. In the dark fog loomed the two graves, tombless, sodden. A breathless silence hovered over the quiet cemetery. Long the motionless figure knelt beside the graves in the continuous, easy down-fall of the rain, and then as the lights appeared far below in the village he arose, and without once looking back, he crossed the cemetery and descended the hill.

\* \* \* \* \*

One spring evening, just at sunset, a solitary figure was seen crossing the hill to the cemetery. Silhouetted as it was against the cloudless sky, the figure was shown to be an old,



old man, with grey hair and stooped shoulders. The features of his face were well-cut and strong. Over his thin lips a smile played—a very sad smile, sweet and patient, that also played tenderly in his age-dimmed eyes as he paused at the summit of the hill to look back across the way he had come. Half a century ago, he had looked from the hill off into a wide panorama of green fields of grain, of orchards, and here and there a solitary farm house, from which emerged the far away calls of the farmers, or from which resounded the echo of the lowing herd as they went to pasture. Then over the lowlands and uplands was the charm of wilderness and peace. Today, as he stood looking back across the path he had come he saw great clouds of back smoke arise from a broad, tin-roofed factory, heard the monotonous grind of the machinery, saw the employees, dirty and grimy hurrying from place to place. All around the factory were houses—row after row of them, all seemingly alike, all new and ugly, surrounded by red, freshly ploughed clay. Then his glance passed on to where the dear, dark wood had once been standing. Still more houses, each sending up its column of smoke, each with its line of newly washed clothes flapping in the breeze. But where the old trysting place used to stand, there was a store, a miserably new-looking, new-smelling store, on the tiny porch of which there loafed several filthy-looking men. As they sat there smoking and talking roughly, a tiny, dirty urchin emerged from the store, busily engaged devouring a stick of candy. As the child stepped down from the last step, he paused. There in the corner of the steps, almost covered with sawdust and clay, grew a wee spray of arbutus—the only beautiful thing left in the carnage of time. The child bent, pulled up the fragile flower by its roots, and passed on around the corner, where he stuck the arbutus in a barrel of soft, smudgy tar that stood basking in the warm sun. Then he passed on. All this the old man saw from his beloved hill—saw—and seeing the pathos of it all turned and walked with feeble, unsteady steps across

the field and entered the uncared for grave yard. Slowly he made his way to where, under the blossoming dogwood tree lay two grass-grown graves, now almost extinct. As he knelt painfully between the graves, he drew from his pocket a bunch of withered arbutus, the arbutus Marguerite had placed in her book years ago. Holding it to his quivering lips, he buried his head in the tall grass growing over the larger grave. Long he lay there without moving, except that occasionally his great, thin frame was shaken by heart rending signs that rose from the very depths of his being. The sun set. Twilight covered the land and in its wake came the soft moonlight, sculpturing the pale, wrinkled face now lying peacefully, gently at rest on the soft grass. Against the dark coat of the old man could be clearly discerned in the moonlight the thin, blue-veined hand, holding and pressing closely to his heart the withered bunch of arbutus. The still-lingering perfume of the flowers arose like magic in the cool freshness of the night air and lingered over the quiet scene. But the odorous perfume was not sensed by the lifeless figure of the old man who slept there so peacefully. Instead, in death, as in life the spirit of the arbutus seemed to bind more closely the hearts lying at last, after so many years, together in the quiet calm of the moonlight.

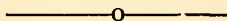




## "The Beech"

MARY H. BLAIR, '21, *Cornelian*

From out of the rose-tipped, silver buds the soft green leaflets  
slip,  
Each pointing like a little folded flame  
Straight upward from the end of outstretched branches—  
Outstretched to meet its fellows and to touch their hands,  
Not rearing haughtily aloft, nor drooping toward the earth,  
But seeking just the comradeship of all her sister trees;  
Like little flames, the leaves  
Like pure, impassioned prayer ascend  
That she may partake the power of the sun,  
And grow in strength and raise herself still nearer to the sun,  
And extend her arms still nearer to her fellows,  
That she may clasp their hands  
As they, too, pray for light.  
Possessing the pulsating power of the great sun's beneficence,  
She calls up from the darkness of the earth,  
From all the hidden and the seeming-dead  
A vigor of new life.



## "Street Cars"

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22, *Dikean*

A creeping, crawling, swaying, swinging insect—  
A caterpillar with a bee's deep buzz

A cricket in its shrieking dialect—

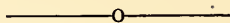
A yellow worn, close clinging to a wire with fuzz.  
Of ladies' bonnets and of children's faces

Sweet children's faces thru the window's dust  
And great clear eyes, with a conductor in them  
And oh!—the paint, and iron and wire and rust!

I wonder why the heart of youth is needlessly pent  
In these loud, yellow, horrid, creeping things,  
Leave them for those with blistered heels and gout—

I choose to swing adown the sun-flocked street  
Where some impalable charm somehow close clings  
Where children play with laughter clear and sweet  
Beside the flowers, outside of windows gay

Where youth meets youth all gladly, buoyantly walk-  
ing—  
I scorn this ugly, cringing, mercenary way.



## "As Tall as the Tallest Tree"

HELEN DUNN CREASEY, '22, *Dikean*

### I.

If I were as tall as the tallest tree  
That grows in our town  
And couldn't see the folks and things  
Except by looking down,  
And couldn't play with other girls  
Because they'd run from me,  
And couldn't swim or couldn't dance—

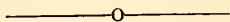
Why I don't think I'd like to be  
Quite as tall as a tree.

## II.

But if I wer tall as the tallest tree  
With the soft breeze in my hair  
And had great arms to hold the birds  
That came to nestle there;  
If the stars and moon were near my hands,  
If I were gay and free,  
And all the world lay at my feet,  
Then I'm quite sure I'd love to be  
Quite as tall as the tallest tree.

## III.

It's lots of fun to wish for things  
And plan just how they'll be,  
It's lots of fun—but all the same  
It somehow seems to me  
In spite of all advantages  
I'd rather *wish* than *be*  
As tall as the *very tallest* tree!



## "The Purple Cow"

The Literary Value of the Classic Poem,

HAZEL MIZELLE, '22, *Dikean*

It is my object to expound for you in no uncertain terms  
the literary value of the classic poem, "The Purple Cow"

"I never saw a purple cow;

I never hope to see one;  
But I can tell you anyhow,  
I'd rather see, than be one."

That is the poem. Of course I knew that it was unnecessary for me to quote it since every member of my audience is very familiar with the verse. I did it, however, and now—if you are good listeners, I shall attempt to add a few points to your store of knowledge. First though let me make my apologies. It is with a great deal of hesitancy that I, in my lack of poetic undertaking, shall try to tell you, who are such elevated students of this type of poetry, the value of this poem. In my day, teachers were not concerned with the classics. From morning til evening they caused me to burn midnight oil over such minor and insignificant poets as Shakespeare and Horace. As a result of this, as I have said before, I feel a great deal of hesitancy. In spite of this, however, I shall endeavor to carry out my purpose and shall prove to you that the literary value of the classic poem is lasting, first because of its subject matter and second because of its adaptability. Indeed, it could well have been utilized by many poets as a chief topic for concentration.

Now, as for the meaning of the poem. The interpretation is difficult to achieve. However, with the help of the Students' Standard Dictionary, Young's Freshman English, Long's History of English Literature, Bleyer's Newspaper Writing and Editing and a certain thesis entitled "The Poets of the Grave-Yard School", I have reached the following conclusions. There are two definitions of the word cow. One conveys the meaning that a cow is a chimney top, the other says that a cow is the female of domestic cattle. We shall consider the last definition correct. A purple cow, then, is a female of domestic cattle who instead of the usual coat, wears a lovely suit of a color somewhere between crimson and violet. I am sure you are touched by the beauty of the thing and therefore will not

say anything about her. Thus we see what the poem means and we understand that the author had rather see than be a purple cow. Isn't that a true expression of the attitude of the people? Who, here for instance, hadn't rather see than be one? All of us agree then that the author is right. And as a result we must put at the head of our list of poets who have contributed heirlooms to rising generations the name of Gilitt Burgess and his lines

"I never saw a purple cow;  
I never hope to see one;  
But I can tell you anyhow  
I'd rather see than be one."

For proof of its adaptibility I shall submit the following poems which as Burgess says, might have been written by the greatest of poets. John Milton could well have said in his voice of organ roll:

"Hence, vain deluding cows  
The herd of folly without colour bright;  
How little you delight  
Or fill the poet's mind or songs arouse  
But hail! thou goddess gay of feature  
Hail divinest purple creature  
Oh cow thy visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight  
And tho' I'd like just once to see thee,  
I never, never, never'd be thee."

And in the words of Shelley, we might have:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!  
Cow thou never wert;  
But in life to cheer it  
Playest thy full part  
In purple lines or unpremeditated art.  
We look before and after

At cattle as they brouse;  
Our most hearty laughter  
Something sad must rouse.  
Our sweetest songs are those  
That tell of purple cows."

Then, who would have been surprised if Wordsworth had told us that:

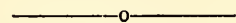
"She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dee  
A cow whom there were few to praise  
And very few to see.  
A violet by a mossy stone  
Greeting the smiling east  
Is not so purple, I must own  
As that erotic beast;  
She lived unknown; that cow, and so  
I never chanced to see;  
But if I had to be one, Oh!  
The difference to to me."

Rudyard Kipling could very successfully have said:

"In an old ten-acre pasture  
Lookin' eastward toward a tree  
Theres a purple cow a settin'  
And I know she thinks o' me!  
For the wind is in the gum tree  
And the hay is in the mow  
And the cow-bells all are callin'  
'Come and see a purple cow.'  
But I am not going now,  
Not at presnt anyhow  
For I am not fond of purple  
And I can't abide a cow;  
No, I shall not go today

Where the purple cattle play,  
But I think I'd rather see one  
Than be one, anyhow."

Thus, my friends, I have attempted in my small way to convince you that "The Purple Cow" has literary value of no small calibre.



## "The Majestic"

PAULINE LUCAS, '22, *Adelphian*

It hangs there, does the worn and faded sign, in sunshine and rain, announcing to all those who seek the giddy places of delight, but that here those delights may be obtained. Yes, those two words, "The Majestic", have in them a world of meaning. On this particular night the faithful old sign looked down on a larger crowd than usual, for it was Saturday night; that night of all nights when every one save shop-keepers lay aside all cares; that night of all nights when country people put off their soil-stained garments, adorn themselves in their Sunday best, and come to town.

If you are a stranger from some great city, you will be delighted perhaps to see "The Majestic" swinging in front of the old brick building facing the public square. You will no doubt scan with interest the bill boards clustered around the door. One represents a big fat man clinging desperately to some unseen element in the air as he steps upon a banana peel. Another brings strange thrills to your heart for you see a fair and beautiful woman with soulful eyes clasped in the arms of the conquering hero. You are just a trifle less bored as you enter the door at the front. But you are slightly staggered at the unexpected sight that meets your eyes, for before you there stands a stout white-clad figure leaning upon a



broad table on which there is stretched the last of what was once a happy roving cow.

"Goodnight, Cap'n, something I can do for you?" inquires the carver of beef.

"I—Where—thought perhaps—Do you—Ah, that is where is the theatre?"

"Upstairs, Cap'n. You will see the steps on the left, outside—" with a jerk of the thumb.

Out into the street you go again and this time you follow the crowd to a flight of steps leading up the side of the meat market. The wooden structure creaks under the tread of eager footsteps.

"'Lo, Ethel, how many tickets can I get for a nickel this time?"

"Hum! somebody has a new dress. You surely do look mighty cute."

"Lissen, Mary I got the cutest little old letter today. I want you to read it."

At length, your ticket purchased amid much chatter and many pleasantries, you find yourself entering a side door, and are at last inside of "The Majestic". A self-player piano around which are gathered five or six willing performers, is rolling out a stirring time, accompanied by the whines of many mosquitoes.

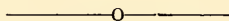
There are among those, who like yourself are treading for tonight the path of pleasure, some that are telling of past experiences and present thrill, some who are humming softly the tune that comes from the piano, others who are patiently waiting for the show to begin. Down in front the children are laughing and continually changing their seats.

Suddenly the lights are off, and all is quiet save the piano, the hum of the movie machine and the persuasion of the tireless mosquitoes. The first show is a comedy in which the man on the bill board begins and finishes stepping on the banana peel, accompanied by the shouts of the delighted audience.

All are having a good time unless it be a few superior ones who try hard to conceal their disgust and who are patiently waiting for the soul stuff.

Finally the comedy is over and the love story begins. And indeed it is one well worth waiting for—it is so sad and beautiful! It is the story of a young married couple. The husband is absorbed in the fascination of the other woman, and the wife, (bless her heart, she is the sweetest thing) leaves home with a breaking heart. And all the while the piano-player is pounding at the most lively and popular tune.

At last the show is over and the audience pushes slowly out and down the creaking stairs. As they disperse, in groups or singly, the old sign over head seems to nod a sleepy goodnight. It may be that it is swayed by the gentle breathe of the evening wind, or perhaps it is jarred by the onrush of a host of mosquitoes on their way to the scattering crowd in answer to the last call for supper.



## “A Proposition”

VIRGINIA TERRELL, '23, *Adelphian*

Given: Pencil and paper.

To find: A means of escape.

Solution: The window.

An architect must put windows in a house because they are necessary. We ask why they are necessary. He says “because we must have light”. Then he hasn’t seen windows in the right light at all. Even as walls, widows could tell many a story. But I am not going to let the window talk, because I really can’t imagine dumb things talking, I’m going to talk about the window. And to make it just a little impressive,

I'm going to talk on the "Window in Relation to Human Life".

Way back, I won't say how long, you were a tiny sqalling infant. You could not be quieted. Ma lost her nerves, Pa lost his temper, but you didn't lose your voice. Finally Pa saw the window and a ray of hope. He took you to the window and let you look out. That was your first glimpse of the "Wide, Wide World". That was where you got your start, not only on life, but on the window.

Ma thought it was a fine way to quiet you at that time, but she regretted even thinking it. For the next few years it was your special delight to fall out of the highest window in the house on every occasion and break your own bones, Ma's nerves, and Pa's pocket-book.

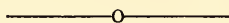
Hardly had you outgrown this youthful joy, when the kitchen window began to send forth appetizing odors which appealed to your expanding stomach. Pies and doughnuts graced the window sill at 10:00 o'clock. At 10:15 Ma wondered who had stolen them. At night, when fishing season was in full swing, you slipped out the window and down the water pipe, little realizing that all the happiness of your young life was centered around this very insignificant hole in the wall.

And then you grew older. You reached the age of long pants and ukeles and nightly serenades. And where ever your dreams realized? Beneath the window of your lady love, of course. With a quivering and love-sick heart and voice you approached her window. It looked dark. You began to play. Soon a lovely face graced the dark opening, and you saw her smiling face—or feet, a pitcher of water poured by an irate father.

Well, that ended like all things will do, and you were engaged. But ere the happy event could be staged, the war began, and like a noble hero, you joined the colors. How proudly you marched by that self-same window, this time holding a service flag and the tear-stained face of her, with no danger of a pitcher of water, unless it were tears. And all through the

months of warfare you carried a comforting picture of that window and the sweet face that it framed.

But ah! how different now! It is the same window that you crept through last night, even as you did when a little boy, with shoes in hand, as the clock ticked away the wee sma' hours of morning.



## "Which is the More Unfortunate a Chicken With the Toothache or a Fish with Corns"

PAULINE LUCAS, '22, *Adelphian*

"It was many and many a year ago  
In a kingdom by the sea  
That a maid there lived whom you may know  
And that frail maid was me."

I was the only child of my mother and my father, who was a fisherman bold; so instead of running around with other children like myself I made friends with nature's children. In the early morning light I fled to the water side to take a swim with the fishes of the sea. I told them of the beauties of the earth and urged them to come take a stroll along the beach with me; I spoke to them of the worms that crawled about in our garden, but they only looked at me with their bright eyes, and with a twirl and a dart they were gone.

My mother, who my father said was a helpmate worth having (as she made twice as much money as he did) took great pride in her chickens. And she had cause to be proud of them. She had as fine a flock of poultry as her grandfather, who, my mother used to boast, won the poultry prize at the great Sondheim fair before he set sail for America. And I was as proud

and happy of my mother's chickens as she herself was. Each morning after my chat with the fish I would go out in my mother's poultry yard, and scratch around with the chickens and I was especially fond of singing duets with the hens. They would sing soprano and I would sing alto. My aunt when she came to visit us, poor old lady, she is dead now, said my voice blended nicely with the voice of the hens.

And thus it was that I grew up surrounded with nature's creatures. I could have had companions of my own kind had I wanted them, for there were the two lovers who came each day to write a sonnet to the moon as she hung up there in the air sending her beams upon the waters; or I could have made friends with the poet who came each morning to sail his paper boats upon the water or dig wells in the sand; and too, there was a dear little boy who came at night to sit and think and smirk at the moon

And as the days ran into weeks, the weeks jumped into months, and the months fled into years until the day came when I packed my trunk, sang a final song with the chickens, took a last swim with the fish and came away to college. At first I suffered pangs of home-sickness that were terrific. Oh! for one kiss from that bantam rooster at home! But as time passed I became more reconciled to college life, and I became deeply absorbed in my studies. I graduated with high honors at the foot of my class, and I then decided that I was going to work for a doctor's degree. When the time came for me to decide upon what I was to write my great thesis, two subjects of equal interest presented themselves to me. The first was the "Grave-Yard School of Poets" and the second was "Which is the most unfortunate, a Chicken with the toothache, or a fish with Corns?" The decision between these was the most important thing in my life, and was one that caused me a great struggle. As in my childhood I had played with the chickens and fish, so in my college life I had become inter-

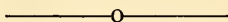
ested in the Grave-Yard Poets, and had gone many and many times to sit in the college grave yard and write poetry.

Finally I decided to go once more to my old home, and to go swimming with the fish, and sing with the chickens, and then to hie me away to the grave-yard. The one that appealed to me the most should be the subject I would take. And so home with the chickens and fish as my companions, Oh! I had a delicious time! I felt as if I could remain with them forever. But it was necessary to try the other, so weilding my way toward the grave-yard I sat down. The tombstones loomed around me, the wind sighed and sobbed in the pine trees that compassed me around about. As I sat there I found my mind turning back to my home, and to the chickens and fish. My soul did an esthetic dance for I knew that my decision was made. And then, as a stone sinks when thrown into a lake, so did my heart sink when I thought on the subject which I had chosen. I could not tell to save me which was the most unfortunate, a chicken with the toothache or a fish with corns. It pained me tremendously to think that such a calamity should befall either my darling chicks or fish. But which was worse?

As I sat there I saw coming toward me a youth and a maid. She was fat beyond compare. Her straw hat sat well upon the back of her head, and was fastened on by baby like ribbons that tied in a bow under her chins. Her dress was of a bright red, and lay in folds upon her ample form. The youth was thin and pale. His scant sandy hair ran down into his collar, his pale blue eyes were weak and watery. As the lady at his side talked to him he nervously fingered his pink crochet tie. Upon both their faces sat pained expressions. The lady talked fast and loud, the poor youth replying in a weak and faltering voice. As they came nearer I heard her exclaim angrily, "Oh! you poor fish! Stop that limping, or you will run me distracted. Your corn doesn't hurt half as bad as my tooth. Oh! my poor tooth, will it never cease to ache!"



"Poor fish" I said "thou art more unfortunate of the two for thou must endure thy own pain, and the wrath of that chicken with the toothache."



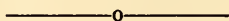
### "To the New Staff"

MARY H. BLAIR, '21, *Cornelian*

May the funds come rolling in  
In a green and silver tide,  
And full page advertisers' checks  
Into your treasury slide!

May the muses ne'er desert you  
And leave you in the lurch!  
May Pegasus soar swiftly  
When on his back you perch!

May clever notions flow without  
The slightest hesitation!  
And manuscripts around you fly  
Ablaze with inspiration!



### "The Possibilites of being Happy tho Miserable"

(Composed for the edication of the Quill Club)

MARY JOHN, '22, *Dikean*

Ye members of this noted club,  
Incline your ear and hear my speech tonight;



Happiness in the midst of miserableness  
Is the theme on which I design to write.  
“Impossible!” do I hear you say?  
Ah, no, my kind but criticizing friend!  
One may be awfully miserable  
And still have happiness without end  
A lady old and with the gout made frail  
I once did chance to know,  
And if her ills were put to route  
Her dearest happiness would go.  
When one would ask her how she felt  
She’d smile and nod and say  
“She always did feel bad,  
And felt even worse today!”  
I also once did chance to go  
Down town in fine array  
To buy a pair of shoes so new—  
(My goodness! What I had to pay!)  
They were too little, I confess,  
And hurt my corn, my pet;  
But they were number 3’s and triple S’s,  
And that memory’s blissful yet.  
But the miserablest of all happiness  
Is when your best beau comes to call,  
And you are blushing and he’s red,  
And you sit and sit, and that’s all.  
And bye and bye your father  
Puts his head out o’er the stair,  
And with a “Jane, it’s twelve o’clock!”  
He breaks that silence rare.  
You’re awf’ly embarrassed, but ain’t it joy  
To know you can hop in bed  
And be happy again in spite of the fact  
That the curlers hurt your head!

## ELEGY OF A BROKEN FOUNTAIN PEN

PAULINE LUCAS, '22, *Adelphian*

## I.

O! weep for my fountain pen—it is no more!  
In a sad hour from my fingers to the floor  
It fell, and there it lay broken in twain  
While from my eyes like splashing rain  
The salty tears of pain and woe  
Trickled and dropped upon the floor.

## II.

O, weep for my fountain pen, oh! weep anew!  
Awake O, heart and weep, for though it wasn't new,  
It has served me faithfully all this year,  
And to me my fountain pen was dear.  
Come forth ye pencils and mourn. Don't shirk!  
For now ye will have to do the work.

## III.

Where wert thou, O rugs so nice and thick  
When thy own mistress was made sick  
By the noise of her fountain pen  
Clanging to the floor, which sound sent  
Sharp and piercing darts of pain  
Through and through my very frame?

## IV.

O weep for my fountain pen, weep again!  
Come ye ink bottle with might and main,  
For never more will my pen in your heart  
Dip to sip there thy fluid and then depart

To spread on paper, words written in life's blood.  
Come forth thou ink bottle weep and wail!

## V.

In my despair I cease. And from out  
My note book covers comes, wailing aloud  
Words and words and words, some telling  
Of Napoleon, "the man of the world", selling  
His soul for a bit of power, and how others fight  
Declaring in boastful tones that might makes right.

## VI.

Others come and in blundering fashion  
Stumbles o'er the beauties of Shelley Keats. The nation  
India, the soldiers on land, the sailors at sea  
As portrayed by Kipling and committed on by me.  
The problem of Sociology and Psychology  
Come mingled and grumbled with notes on mythology.

## VII.

Spring has returned! Flowers have burst  
Into bloom; every twig seems trying to be first  
In pushing itself upward to meet the soft  
Warm lips of the sun. And far across  
The land as far as eye can reach is new life  
But alas around my fountain pen is only night.

## VIII.

But wait! All is not hopeless! The night  
Fades away before the glories of day. Delight  
Comes to drive out pain. Sing aloud O, heart!  
The life of my fountain pen is not o'er. Though apart.  
It has been broken, a strip of adhesive plaster  
Will unite it again. O, adhesive thou art Master!

## THE GRAVY BOAT

VIRGINIA TERRELL, '23, *Adelphian*

The gravy boat went sailing by,  
Yo! ho! the gravy!  
It passed the ham, it passed the pie,  
Yo! ho! the gravy!  
She had no stern, the prow was chipped,  
But straight ahead and fast she clipped,  
Yo! ho! the gravy!  
She crossed the sea of billows white,  
Yo! ho! the gravy!  
Ahead she saw the lighthouse light,  
Yo! ho! the gravy!  
She reached the light and found it hot,  
'Twas only the lid of the coffee pot,  
Yo! ho! the gravy!  
She was tossed about from wave to wave,  
Yo! ho! the gravy!  
Some cargo was lost with each lurch she gave,  
A port ahead! how she did clip,  
But the harbor was taken by the good ship "Zip",  
Yo! ho! the gravy!  
She turned the bend on the homeward sweep,  
Yo! ho! the gravy!  
She cleared the ice-cream with a mighty leap,  
Yo! ho! the gravy!  
She turned her nose with a thunderous clap,  
And went into port in the faculty's lap,  
Yo! ho! the gravy!

# Exchanges



"The college Message" is decidedly a message for the scholar, rather than for the typical college girl. To her it seems more of a reference book than a voice representative of her college as she knows it. The few articles that stray off of the entirely classical path show great possibilities, especially the stories. Why not enlarge on this possibility?. The editorials are usually on live, up-to-date topics, and the sketch, "When it is Hard to 'Get the Floor'" is interesting. "The End of the Search", however is entirely too melodramatic. "As Fate Decided" has not only an unrealistic plot but very unnatural conversation; the lovemaking especially is full of trite phrases.

"Editorial Comment" on the current issue is a unique feature of the "Davidson College Magazine" and should be of great benefit in guiding the efforts of contributors. But that same editorial comment would be appreciated by other magazines; we find the Exchange column barren. Some editorial space might be used also for the discussion of campus problems.

In the "Trinity Archive" we find a pseudo-scientific story a la poe, "Where Nature Did Not Intend", has an unusual plot and is marked by rising suspense. But the conversation, especially of the man-monkey, is too matter-of-fact to have ever taken place under those alarming circumstances. One

very long essay and two rather ordinary "poems" are the only other literary contents of this magazine.

We look forward with pleasure to reading each issue of "The Concept" because of the variety and originality of its contents. Even in this most admirable of our exchanges, however, we find a few flaws which it is our duty as a friendly critic to mention. The atmosphere in "Shadows Before" is worked up very effectively, but the philosophy of the story is rather superficial. Why call the easily comprehended results of an opium debauch by the mystical name of Fate or Providence? And we wonder if missionaries are generally so frivolous and rash as the ones depicted in "Cupid Does Well"? There was an opportunity for the story to take an unexpected turn at the end but the attempt at a serious conclusion leaves a distinctly farcial impression. "The Noncombatant" is a grim tale of the gradual crushing-out of a woman's life by war, and the subject is very well handled. We also like the pleasing symbolism and deft condensation of the little poem "Ashes", and the lesson in optimism taught by "The Little Cripple".

